

Daily Journal.

The Red, White and Blue.

Red are the dawn and sunset, white is the fiery cloud;
Blue is the lustrous heaven, o'er the home of freemen
bowed;
Even the sweet spring blossoms, God sends them sun and
dew;
Glow in our country's colors, the Red and White and
Blue.
Red is the apple blossom,—the cherry's cup of snow;
The tender Blue of the violet, in field and orchard
glow.
No traitor hand can mar them, and ever shall spring
renew
Our country's gallant colors—the Red and White and
Blue.
The stars in the sky are steadfast; the stars in our flag
reply;
'Tis a holy cause we symbol: a hope that can never
die;
And ever while sunshine gleameth or falleth the gentle
dew,
The earth and the sky shall wear them, the Red and
White and Blue.

Precautions.

The Legislatures of some of our States have already recommended our farmers to plant this year extraordinary quantities of grain and grass. We hear from various points that this has been and is being done. Nothing should be neglected which will help to make the staple articles of food abundant during the next two years. Our farmers should not only plant large crops of wheat and corn, but they would do well for themselves and for their country to cultivate, to greater than ordinary extent, certain other crops, the products of which are largely consumed by soldiers and sailors.

Beans and peas, dried, form an important portion of the army and navy rations.—They are only second in importance to bread and meat, and as helps to a healthy variation of food, are of necessity. Large quantities of these articles will be needed for army provisions, and it is yet time for our farmers to prepare themselves to supply this demand.

Also, the farmers throughout the country will do well to reserve their calves from butcher's knife. This is a point of great importance. We suggest to our agricultural societies to take some immediate and general action in this matter. Many thousand calves are sold and killed every month in this country. Our farmers will find it profitable to raise all the increase of their herds during the present year at least, and this is a matter of prudence, by which patriotic stock raisers and cattle owners can do very much to help the cause of the Union, for which our brave soldiers have gone to battle.

Hay, also, should be saved as much as possible. It is an article much needed in all campaigns; and there is little doubt that the operations of the rebels have been embarrassed by the lack of it. The South has always drawn its supply of hay from the Northern and Eastern States. Three months ago there were not five hundred bales of hay in the States held by the mutineers. Great armies cannot be moved without numerous teams, and probably the lack of hay was one not unimportant reason for a certain slowness of movement on the part of the rebel army, which has surprised our people and now alarms the traitors in Virginia.

Rebellion will not triumph for lack of patriots to dispute its progress and put it to flight from the land. But an army can do nothing without supplies, and it must be the care of those who remain at home to spare no pains to provide the necessary supplies for our brethren who are doing battle for the Union. Every bushel of corn, every barrel of flour, every bag of peas and beans, every tierce of beef and pork and every bale of hay that can be added to our crop this year should be raised.
—New York Post.

Southern Modes of Warfare.

The modes of warfare already adopted and likely to be carried into the campaign by the South are, in a few respects, without historic parallel. We are to encounter and subdue not merely a reeling horde of belated, armed with stolen guns, clad in garments swindled from unsuspecting and non-partisan traders, officered by apostates, traitors and renegades, but the illicit and treacherous assaults of the incendiary, the prisoner, the assassin, the official liar and pedler of bribes. We do not make this statement in view of possible or remote contingencies. These secret and infamous agencies are already at work. We have published accounts of the attempt to bribe a sentinel at Fort Pickens, and to poison with strychnine a soldier of Gen. Cutler's Brigade, at the Relay House.

We have witnessed the splendid achievements of our foes in mendacity with breathless awe and wonderment, not unmingled with admiration which stupendous and unblushing villainy always elicits, and we this morning print an account of the firing of Willard's Hotel, in Washington, by some of the traitors who yet—in spite of martial law, unawed by the air-drawn halberds, which, like the dagger of Macbeth, must stare them out of countenance at every turn—haunt the purlieus of the Capital.

We have certainly had, for many years, good ground to anticipate from the South any and everything base and treacherous. Innocent men have been hanged by irresponsible mobs, stabbed, tarred and feathered, despoiled; women and children have been driven forth in exile all over the South, while the local law slept the sleep of sin.—Its newspapers have teemed with lies; its public speakers have foamed and bubbled, like the cauldron of Heacate, with falsehood for half a generation. Its bleared, tipsey chevaliers have swaggered with insolent bravado through our streets, bristling with the vulgar consequence which possession of a "nigger" seems to inspire, and bulging with half-concealed weapons.—What sort of honor is to be looked for from a community bred up under a code of ethics of this sort?

We may as well make up our minds at once that we are to encounter a rabble of drunken assassins instead of a civilized army, governed by the acknowledged laws of modern warfare. The campaign, begun by the South with theft, carried forward by an attempt to starve a feeble garrison, and sustained thus far by local pillage and systematic lying, will undoubtedly blossom forth in more resplendent villainies as it progresses. The torch, the dagger, and the *equa tofania* are among the agencies, the employment of which we are to anticipate.—*The World.*

Dreadful to Contemplate

A writer in the Charleston Mercury says:—It is a sad reflection that the flower of our country is to be pitted against the scum and filth of Northern society. If they had "foemen worthy of their steel," we could reconcile our minds to the sacrifice. But the stern call of duty demands it—the sanctity of our domestic altars and firesides demand it, and with bleeding hearts, and placing our trust in Providence, we yield, as did Jacob when about to offer up his only son.

Dr. W. R. Hurley, Editor of the Nashville Democrat, a spirited Union paper, which was suppressed by a mob, has been appointed to a first class clerkship in the Sixth Auditor's Office at Washington.

A ten-inch Columbiad has been mounted at Fortress Monroe, and brought to bear upon the house of ex-President John Tyler.

Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.
Late from Tennessee

Cairo, May 15.—The sensation of to-day is decidedly the visit of a party twenty-five gentlemen, all Union men, from Tennessee, who made an excursion to this city by the river, taking the boat at Dresden. They were headed by the gallant loyal Hon. Emerson Etheridge. Their purpose is to see the camp here and test its feelings, to carry back a report to the noble Union men of Tennessee.

They come from a State where just now rebellion is rampant, but where, nevertheless, a band of loyal hearted men are putting forth gigantic exertions to roll back the tide of treason, and save old Tennessee from dishonor. They speak cheering, too, of the prospect, but are not blind to the dangers that threaten.

A few nights since, Mr. Etheridge went to Memphis to fill an appointment to make a Union speech. About forty of his friends, however, knowing the mad frenzy of the community, induced him to relinquish his design, and they gave him their armed presence as a body-guard until he was safely out of Memphis. This is all that saved him from outrage if not from death.

A day or two later, on his way to speak at Paris, Kentucky, he narrowly escaped falling into the hands of 400 furious secessionists, thirsting for his life. These distinguished Tennesseans were appropriately received with marked courtesy by Colonel Oglesby, in temporary command of this post.

From Mr. Etheridge I learn that Andy Johnson, T. A. R. Nelson, Maynard and others, are bravely and devotedly canvassing for the Union. He says Bell is misunderstood, and that he is doing good service for the Union cause. These brave and loyal men, in the face of these difficulties, claim to be able to see light ahead, and that old Tennessee will, by the voice of her people, again take her place in the ranks of the loyal States. Mr. Etheridge and his party were the lions of Cairo to-day.

Letter from a True Man.

The following patriotic letter is in reply to one received from "J. P. Benjamin, Attorney General C. S. A.," offering Mr. Moses—a South Carolinian by birth—a "position" in the rebel navy with back pay and "funds to almost any amount," and asking the silly question, can you wantonly abandon your country by forming an alliance with a Northern lady? We opine they will not trouble Mr. Moses with any more "commissions."

OLD ORCHARD HOUSE, }
SACO, Me., April 17. }

MR. J. P. BENJAMIN—SIR: Your letter of the 9th has been received, and I wish you and Mr. Mallory to distinctly understand that I hold no conference with traitors. The banner stamped upon this slip of paper is my adoration; it has real beauty; God bless it now and forever, and curses upon him who tramples upon it in the absence of manliness to protect it. I am, and have been since last October, the husband of a Saco lady. * * * *

I was born in South Carolina, but, thank God, I left it in my childhood days with all my family. I will take employment here, before the mast, in preference to your highest encomiums.

As a gentleman, I was in duty bound to answer your letter, but let it be your last to me.

The American flag, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the traitor's grave.

C. LEE MOSES,
A Northern made Sailor and Unionist.

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